

SECRET

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NAZI WAR CRIMES DISCLOSURE ACT
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THE EVEREST OF TURPITUDE

Admirers of Vasyl's SYMONENKO were deeply hurt and disturbed when they learned that his pure name is being dishonored by nationalist mercenaries in the emigration. They twist the contents of his writings with filthy aims in mind.

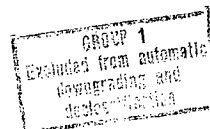
The poet's mother - Halyna Fedorivna SCHERBAN'- wrote a letter to the CC CPU requesting that the good name of her son, Communist SYMONENKO, accuses of scandal those who unceremoniously use to their own advantage the poet's manuscripts which were not meant for publication. The letters are published below.

My son was a Communist and I therefore turn to the Central Committee of the CPU with that which troubles me very much. I knew my own son better than anyone else did. He grew up without a father, received a gold medal on completion of the village school, studied at the University of Kiev, and everything he had was given to him by the Soviet Government. I saw and heard how his published poems were read by our countrymen and the school youth. Students of the institutes and I, having suffered a great loss, the loss of an only son, lived with the one consolation that my son was respected and that our Soviet Government had not forgotten about his family.

But now neighbors tell me that poems and the diary of my son are being broadcast by Western radio stations. I was puzzled how they reached there. His friends, Ivan SVITLYCHNY, Anatoli PEREPADYA and others - I do not know them all - came from Kiev for the funeral, and after the funeral asked me for my sons manuscripts. I thought I was turning them over to respectable hands, that friends of my son would turn them over to the Writers Union, but that is not what happened. They kept them for themselves, released them to others and that has insulted me. I realize that my son could have made some mistakes but he wrote his diary for himself and not for the purpose of having it read and interpreted by others as they see fit.

[Missing sentence]* be protected. M. NEHODA, compatriot and friend of V. SYMONENKO...

Radyn. for N. Nehoda
15 April 65



SECRET

-2-

I condemn this and request that my sincere declaration be given consideration.

Halyna SCHERBAN'

There comes a time in the life of everyone when it is necessary to share ones thoughts and doubts with a close friend. A sheet of paper becomes such a friend. The individual confides to it his thoughts which he is not ready to share with others because they need to be verified by living and time before they become deep convictions.

There were moments of thought and doubts in the young, talented Vasyl' SYMONENKO. The mind of the poet searched philosophical depths, the heart of the Communist beat with the pulse and rythm of a restless age. Not even when he was very ill, in the last days of his life, did SYMONENKO ever lose his feeling for clarity of aim and belief in the way which he consistently followed in his works... The poet loved his Ukraine and his people, Ukraine about which he could write in no other way than with sincere tenderness - "my beloved, proud, one Soviet Ukraine", that Ukraine where "the Dnipre plays gay music for me on its steel turbines". His last verses also are written with this son's love for the Ukraine.

Dear Ukraine! your wealth roars,
Misery squirms and burns away
You shout to my brain like a curse
and , and your mercenaries.
Threatening love! My innocent misery!
My Communist joy!

~~The~~ article goes on to prove SYMONENKO's love for Communism, for Lenin and his atheism...

To be sure ~~there~~ we also have many friends in the emigration and we are happy that they are interested in our Ukrainian Soviet poetry. But in addition to friends there also are malicious enemies. They are in the radio stations and publishing houses financed by American dollars. They fabricate lies invented by unstable minds and hare-brained heads. Having gotten hold of V. SYMONENKO's diary and purposely selecting certain parts they try to present the poet in a light convenient for their dirty purposes. They talk

SECRET

-3-

about some kind of forbidden book of V. SYMONENKO, about which we the poet's friends do not know because it does not exist.

But enemies are enemies. What can one expect from them! What bothers me and others who agree with me is the conduct of certain of our own seekers of cheap scandalous fame...

I do not seek to defend V. SYMONENKO. He will defend himself with all his works, and his highest calling which he saw in the service of his people. There are books of V. SYMONENKO which give a true picture of the poet - citizen, the poet-communist. Our people respect him. They took and have armed themselves with the poet's works and will not allow anyone to touch them with unclean hands. The people consider such attempts, in the words of SYMONENKO himself, as the height of Turpitude.

Mykola NEHODA
City of Cherkask

SECRET